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## GOD'S ACRE.

VERY recently, a melancholy duty directed our steps to the great Eastern Cemetery of London; and so singular and so touching did some of the appearances connected with this vast resting-place of the people seem to us, that we are inclined to think a brief account of it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Journal*. The walk thither from the city parsonage at which we were staying, is through one of the meanest and poorest parts of the metropolis—one of those tremendous contrasts to the west end which strike so painfully on the heart. The approach to Kensal Green is through a city of palaces; one smells sweet odours and hears sweet sounds, till the wide country-road is gained leading to the far-away garden of the dead, where the sleepers repose amid flowers and sculptured marble till the final waking. But *here*, in the east, one traverses miserable, comfortless-looking streets of grim dwellings, hollow-eyed and gaunt-looking, like their inmates; while, outside them, children, ragged beyond all imagination, play about, or huddle together in groups. It was on a Saturday that we passed through this miserable portion of the town, and, to our astonishment, it seemed something of a gala-day, for flags were hung across the streets from house to house, and the whole contents of the small shops were literally turned into the streets, where they impeded our passage on the pavement, but were supposed to facilitate the Saturday purchases of the people. The greater portion of these commodities consisted of such trash, whether of food or clothing, that a universal clearing of it appeared the most desirable fate. Wretched old clothes—accounting for the costume of the ragged boys—lean, dry-looking pieces of meat, and, greatly preponderating in quantity, baskets of dead-looking, withered cabbages, the languid leaves of which drooped mournfully over faded radishes, and dull-looking oranges. Everybody seemed busy; but it was not with a joyous, living life; it was all alike—dull, though noisy—a wretched present, without either past or future—a scene to make us more fully comprehend the beautiful significance of the old Saxon name for a burial-place—God's Acre. And there it was at last!—the final resting-place, which human care and love have here made a pleasanter dwelling than its frontier-land of life. We entered it by handsome carved iron gates, opposite which stood the only large and well-furnished shop we had yet seen—a stone-mason's and grave-maker's; and we walked down wide paths, bordered by the graves of the dead—some few with

little flowery enclosures above them, some with crosses and other sad heraldry of Christendom, but none bearing that look of brightness which at Kensal Green reconciles one to the great sleeping-place. One fact which struck us particularly was, the *immense* number of infants and very young persons buried there, as the inscriptions testified. It is a perfect Golgotha of innocents. There are at least *five* infant records to one of mature years.

At last we came to that strange feature of the place, which gave it, in our eyes, a charm beyond all the brightness and elegance, even of a Père la Chaise. We reached that portion of God's Acre which emphatically deserves the name—the spot appropriated to the poor; the resting-place of those weary and wretched ones we had just left behind. Afar off, the singular appearance of the spot struck us; nearer, it was the most touching blending of love and sorrow, with all that a high civilisation denominates ludicrous, that we had ever seen, and of the existence of which, in London, only our own eyes could have convinced us. The graves might have been graves of the Sandwich Islanders! Our thoughts flew back to Robinson Crusoe and Whittington, and the old, far-off days of London and its merchant-sailors. The maritime element of our people could not be doubted there. It was a wide, flat piece of ground, glittering with *shells*! The graves, narrow and small, were formed and bound in by a low twisted lattice-wood of boughs. They were not covered with turf—at least, not many of them—but in the earth, small white glittering shells were stuck, forming letters which told who slept below, and sometimes made a text or a homely farewell. On others, very large and handsome conch-shells bore on the tender pink of their rounded bosoms, the name, age, date of death, &c., cut in black letters into them. Some had a conch-shell at each end, and the shell inscription between them. One, an infant's grave, was carefully and lovingly decorated, and at the head, the broken playthings of the poor little one were stuck in the earth—a shattered cart, and a tiny china-plate, with a painted piece of ham on it, with which it once, perhaps, made a Barmecide's feast, during its hungry days on earth; and yet the toys gave us a hope it had not been in such sad want.

On many graves we found the little white Cupids that Italian boys carry about on their heads for sale, seated gravely, writing or reading, with sweet arch faces and little wings. They were doubtless taken for infant angels by the ignorant love which placed them there; and though they raised an involuntary smile, were, after all, no unmeet memorial. Further

on, the same kind of graves were even more carefully decorated, with brighter and prettier shells, some of them rare, and even valuable, telling of the far east from whence the sailor-mourner had brought them—perhaps for this very purpose. Here the infant Cupids were exchanged for the child Samuel kneeling in prayer, but who, being black, and looking very *triste*, was scarcely so pretty as the Cupids, even if more appropriate. In the centre of one grave, fixed firmly in the earth, we found a tough old walking-stick, with a metal head, the only property, probably, of the aged man whom the shell-language again told us reposed beneath. On each side, a small rose-tree promised to support it by and by; at present, it looked strong and sturdy, and had a strange, weird-like look of defiance, as it stood erect and alone, putting us in mind of Wulfstan's crozier, fixed into the Confessor's tomb by the church-necromancy of another age. At a distance, these singular memorial-places are very disfiguring to the symmetry of the garden, and form another of those painful contrasts of which we have before spoken; but when the human feelings connected with them are taken into account, we believe London scarcely contains a more touching or suggestive spot than this portion of God's Acre at Bow.

It draws one's heart and one's best sympathies towards the living poor, who have thus 'done what they could' for those whom love follows beyond the tomb. Faith and hope for the living—for the tender-hearted, simple-minded survivors—awake beside these shell-strewn graves; for it has been well observed that one of the true indices to national character may be found in their treatment of the dead.

It was a gentle feeling that placed at first the home of the dead under the shelter of God's church; and though care for the living has now compelled us to do away with the old reverent tenderness of church-yards, we probably all sympathise more or less in the feeling which dictated Coxe's pretty lines:

Oh, bury me then in the green church-yard,  
As my old forefathers rest;  
Nor lay me in cold necropolis,  
'Mid many a grave unblest.  
I would sleep where the church-bells aye ring out;  
I would rise by the house of prayer,  
And feel me a moment at home, on earth,  
For the Christian's home is there.

How different is the impression made by the lowly village church-yard, with its solemn yews—once the armoury of the English archer—its waving grass and moss-grown graves, or even by the shell-inscribed tombs of Bow, from that which we felt when gazing on the tower of the Parsee or the desolate mummy of Egypt.

Our visit to Bow reminded us of the somewhat singular chance which has in the course of our life brought beneath our actual observation every mode of sepulture, except only the disgusting burials of Naples and the tree-enclosed skeletons of New Holland. On the plains of Salisbury, we have looked on the tumuli of the ancient Briton and Saxon; in Egypt, on the pyramids and catacombs where poor humanity, become a statue of rigid dust, has been ruthlessly torn from the shelter of the grave to satisfy antiquarian curiosity, or to be made a drug in the apothecary's market; and in India, on the funeral pile of the Hindoo.

Next to the grave sanctity of the English country church-yard, we prefer the Mohammedan burial-grounds to all others. On the verge of the Egyptian desert, we saw a city of minarets, mosques, and towers, white, glittering, and silent, majestic in its awful repose: it was a city of the dead—a Moslem cemetery; and alike in its locality and the solemn beauty of its

tombs, we recognised a just taste and a due reverence for death. It deserved the name the Afghans give to their cemeteries—'the City of the Silent.' And here we may observe, that the burial-places of the Afghans themselves—who, though of supposed Jewish descent, are Mohammedan by faith—are also remarkably pretty. They hang garlands on the tombs, and burn incense before them, believing that the ghosts of the departed hover near, and sit each at the end of his own grave, enjoying the fragrance of their offerings. A hole to admit air is always left in a Mohammedan tomb.

But if the Mohammedan burial-place ranks next to the older English, the Parsee's or Fire-worshipper's is of all the most revolting. Often have we shuddered, when driving on the island of Bombay, as the hideous vulture, heavy with gorging the dead, flitted over the carriage, and drew our thoughts and attention to the high martello-shaped tower, on the top of which an iron grating exposes the dead to the vulture and the carrion crow, till the bones are picked clean; when the grating is removed, and they fall into the deep receptacle beneath. The Parsee worship of the elements, by which fire, earth, and water are deemed too holy to come in contact with a corpse, has undoubtedly originated this repulsive mode of burial. There also we often saw burning in the still moonlight the funeral pile of the Hindoo, who believes he destroys the clog of the soul when he burns the body, and has no desire or faith in its resurrection, as the ancient Egyptian had.

There is one peculiarity attending the burial of the dead which has often struck us in our wanderings: no people, however maritime, of ancient or modern times, have ever made a burial-place of the sea. Whether the unceasing restlessness of the great deep has caused this avoidance of it as a sepulchre, or that it would have had the appearance of casting away the dead, we cannot tell; but no such national custom has ever prevailed.

Everywhere, even among savages, some spot in every land has been given to the dead, except among the Caffres, who 'threw dead bodies,' Sir Thomas Browne tells us, 'to the hyenas.' The first land ever purchased was for a tomb—that of Sarah, the mother of the Hebrew race; and of all people, perhaps the Jews are most solicitous as to their sepulture. Their name for a burial-place is worthy of the once chosen people of God—'The House of the Living;' an expression finely implying that it is the dead alone who truly live. The human body, according to their notion, has an indestructible part, called *Luz*, which will be the seed of its resurrection. This is a small bone, in shape like an almond, placed at the end of the vertebrae, which bone they declare can never be destroyed. For many ages a superstition also prevailed among them that the resurrection could only take place in their own land, and numberless Jewish bones were, consequently, wont to be sent to Palestine, to be interred in the holy earth. Sometimes a wealthy Jew would import earth from Jerusalem, to line his European grave. But this love for the national dust seems to be inherent in their race, as even Joseph would not leave his bones in an Egyptian grave, but took a vow of his descendants that they would carry them back with them to the beloved country, where their sole possession was a sepulchre. Both he and Jacob, however, seem to have undergone the Egyptian process of embalming, and to have been mummies rather than skeletons.

The Abayans, a Circassian tribe, have a strange way of preserving their chiefs by natural means—the embalming physicians being the bees! The dead body is placed in a wooden coffin with an opening above the face, so that it may look heavenwards; and by this hole the bees enter, as into a hollow tree,

and embalm the body as it lies, by covering it with wax and honey. A sweet, simple, and most natural method of preserving and embalming the beloved.

Cremation, the old Roman fashion, fell into disuse, probably quite as much from the increased expense of fuel, when the population increased, as from the Christian doctrine of the resurrection. In India, as we have said, the custom still continues; and we have often seen long lines of glimmering funeral piles along the shore at night, which, taken for watch-fires or beacon-lights at sea, have lured many a good ship to her fate upon the low black rocks of the Indian Ocean. The smallest quantity of wood which is sufficient for one of these pyres is three hundred-weight!—a sufficient reason for their discontinuance in the west as the forests fell before the advancing habitations of man. The last Christian body burned after death was that of Henry Laurens, the first president of the American congress. He desired it by his will, and enjoined the performance of his command on his children as a duty. The reason of this wish was, that an infant of his own had been nearly buried alive, and he had, consequently, constantly dreaded such a fate for himself.

'He that hath the ashes of his friend,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'hath an everlasting treasure;' and, assuredly, there are few who would not think it a precious privilege to retain so closely and faithfully the remains of the beloved; but of a return to the old Roman custom, we can never hope in our over-peopled world. The same cause which is closing our overstocked church-yards, and driving the dead away from the shadow of the spire and the voice of the bell, put out the Roman death-fires, and forbids them ever being rekindled; so we must even content ourselves with cemeteries as they stand at present, and be glad that they contain as touching and infallible proof of the 'heart' of the nation, as that offered by the graves of the poor at Bow.

It is one of the peculiarities attending church-yards or cemeteries, that a *new one* is always regarded with prejudice. We have somewhere read that no family would consent to inter their dead in the (then) new cemetery of St George's, Queen Square, till it had been hallowed by the burial of Nelson, the saintly author of *Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England*! Afterwards, it filled rapidly. There is also, in many of the rural parts of England, a strong prejudice against the north side of the church-yard as a burial-place, proceeding, probably, from some faint tradition of the old custom of burying great and known criminals there:

On the north of the church were buried  
The dead of a hapless fame;  
A cross and a wail for pity,  
But never a date or name.

By the *Partidas*,\* any place where a man was buried became 'religious' or consecrated ground; and whoever gave permission for a corpse to be interred in his land, lost his property in that portion, for, by every reason of the sacredness of death, it devolved forthwith to the church.

Much remains to be said, had we space, of the famous catacombs of old Rome, with their graves of saints, confessors, and martyrs; of the modern catacombs, where the dead sleep beneath the whirl and bustle of Parisian life; of the hideous burials of Naples; of the preserved dead of the monkish priesthood; of the chapels of human bones, &c., &c.; but they would be beyond our limits; so we must content ourselves by merely adding our hope, that English cemeteries may grow more and more like those in

Coxe's *Dreamland*, with whose pretty description of an imaginary burial-place, 'most musical, most melancholy,' we shall conclude:

And Dreamland folk do love their dead,  
For every mound I saw  
Had flowers, and wreaths, and garlands, such  
As painters love to draw!  
I asked what seeds made such fair buds,  
And—scarcely I trust my ears—  
The Dreamland folk averred, such things  
Do only grow—from tears.

### ALARMING PROGRESS OF BIOGRAPHY.

It is just possible, even in these days, for a man of judgment and discretion to go through life without being made a knight; he may, by finesse and unceasing vigilance, escape getting a public Testimonial of his worth or talents presented to him while in the flesh; but after death, the most prudent, no longer able to defend themselves, are liable to be given over unto the Biographers. This, as Lord Brougham observed—we have no doubt, with especial sensitiveness—adds a new terror to the Grizzly King.

The worst of the matter is, that from this terrible fate no memory, however unpretending, is secure. The birdie that twitters on bough and brier is as liable to have his little tunes set to music, and published with illustrations, as that which carols loud and long at the gates of heaven. No matter how noiseless the tenor of our life, nor how sequestered its ways, it is just as likely to be made a public thoroughfare after we are departed, as though we had led the van of mankind upon the crowded highway to the Temple of Fame. We are not sure, indeed, but that the being Famous is not often the safer position of the two; for the Literary Coroners who preside over these mental *post mortems*, may then avoid us, from the idea that there are certain to be many rivals in the burial-ground, and thereby we may altogether escape.

The distress of these gentlemen, when a happy release of this kind does occur, is ludicrous in the extreme. 'Gracious goodness! we have forgotten Percy Bysshe Shelley,' was the thought that flashed upon some half-dozen of them simultaneously a few months ago, and immediately the ashes of that funeral pyre by the Italian sea were swept up and garnered, to be showered upon us by those irreverent pepper-casters anew. From the worst form of this persecution, however, the memory of poor Shelley was secure. They could not—or some of them would certainly have attempted it—construct a Religious Biography out of those materials. It is almost worth while to be unorthodox to procure exemption from this tremendous wrong.

Biographies of that particular kind seem to require a special description of Editor; a man who not only does not consider 'faith and prayers among the privatest of men's affairs,' but who delights in exposing whatever his victim was accustomed to hold peculiarly his own and sacred. Everything that bears beyond dispute the moral mark of *Private* upon it, is called with particular attention, and printed either in large type or in italics. He is commonly of the same religious sect as his unfortunate Subject; and if there are any bitter and uncharitable expressions concerning a rival persuasion, to be found in the dead man's writing, they are certain to lose none of their intensity at second hand. The opinions thus posthumously expressed, are always—for what reason we do not know—denominated 'views,' while the biographies themselves are commonly termed 'memoirs.'

For this reason, we regarded the outside of the

\* A famous code of Spanish law promulgated by Alonzo el Sabio, king of Castile, in 1300.



volume now before us\* with a rather suspicious eye; and took it up as a highly intelligent raven is wont to handle a walnut, which he opines to be rotten, and is aware in any case that he shall not enjoy. We inserted our paper-knife into the preface, and found the editor apologising to the Religious Public for not having made the 'Memoir' solemn enough. We opened the first chapter, and were relieved from our apprehensions, in the following very pleasant manner: 'Some thirty years ago, an English tourist was standing on the Castle rock, with a lank, keen-visaged Scotchman for interpreter and guide.

"Now, my good friend," said the Southron, "you have talked quite enough about your native town. Pray, forget Paisley for a moment, and let us look at Edinburgh."

"It's no that easy to forget Paisley when ye look at Embro," replied the offended *cicerone*. "Seest 'ou?" and he pointed towards the University buildings; "that's Embro' College, where they come from England and a' pairs to learn to be doctors, and chancellors, and members o' parliament; and it has the cleverest men in the three kingdoms for its professors: but far the cleverest of them a' is ane John Wilson, and he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou?" pointing to a distant spire; "yon's the steeple o' North Leith. It's the best stipend in Scotland, and at this present it's allowed to have the best preacher in Scotland for its minister. Ye must have heard tell of the Rev. James Buchanan; but ye may have forgotten that he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou that kirk wi' the doom on't? That's St George's, where a' the gentry attend for the sake of the singing; and I've warrant ye'll no hear the like o' the precentor in a' England. They ca' him R. A. Smith, and he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou where a' thae coaches are waiting to start? That's the Register Office. Ye may say it's the keystone o' the kingdom; for lairds and lands a' hing by it. But though it's the place where dukes and earls keep their titles, and the king himself keeps his papers, every day, when the clerks gae hame, and the door is steekit, the entire place is left in charge of an auld wife, and she's a Paisley woman."

The subject of this memoir was the brother of that John Wilson, the Paisley man, better known as Christopher North, and poor James suffered accordingly. Next to being the younger brother of the Head of the House, there is nothing more unpleasant than the having a great man—unless it happens to be one's self—in one's own family. Involuntary comparisons are continually suggesting themselves to other people's minds. 'Has Professor Wilson any brothers?' inquired a certain guest at a table whereat James Wilson was sitting. 'O yes,' replied he with a sigh, and before the host could interfere with an explanation; 'he has several; but, as you know always happens in such cases, they are all idiots. However, I submit to the laws of nature.'

When we had read thus far, our last lingering suspicion of the kind of biography we were here about to have, was set at rest; for if there is a foe who is such an over-match for Cant that she cannot live in the same soul with him, it is Genial Humour. Wilson, too, had another quality very inimical to her in his love for the beauties of nature, which, though exhibiting itself in a less vigorous manner than Kit North's, seems to have been quite as genuine and tender. It is, indeed, as a Naturalist, if as anything, that the memory of James Wilson claims the attention of the public at all. He was not, says Dr Hamilton, a mere collector, who prefers a bird in the hand

to any number in the bush; or a mere anatomist, in whose eyes a chimpanzee, or peer of parliament, is little better than a skeleton with a ticket-of-leave—a preparation still walking about in native fur or exotic ermine. His desire was rather to possess continually at hand mementoes of the creatures which he had learned to love elsewhere. 'On the summer evenings, when escaped from the High School, or on the bright and ample holiday when Roslin or Habbie's How was the delectable mountain of his pilgrimage, and when his quiet, gentle spirit had seen the sights and heard the sounds unsurmised by noisier comrades, he was glad to carry home a keepsake from his own private carnival. The stuffed birds and rows of beetles which he began to store up in his little sanctuary at Queen Street, to Professor Jameson and the initiated few would be "specimens," to the housemaid and the irreverent many they would be "rubbish," but to the youthful compiler they were symbols and dear memorials. Among the whistling blasts of October, they brought back the days of June, and they made mid-winter balmy. That cornrake recalled a cloudless gloaming; and, caught as it was on Arthur's Seat, that *Artaxerxes* butterfly was still surrounded with the whole panorama from Ben Lomond to Berwick Law, whilst rosy reminiscences flitted past from bees and burnet-moths with wings now motionless.'

As in those early days, he pursued through life this study, half as an amusement, and half as a profession. The pleasantest portion of the volume is the description of his botanical rambles with Professor Graham and his pupils in their excursions to the far North, where the accommodation was often of the most primitive description, and a party of twenty would sleep in a hayloft, or in a windowless mountain shieling. On one occasion, they were accompanied by a naval officer, whose feats of snoring were prodigious. 'The first night he kept the whole party awake listening to his astounding performances. The second night he was voted into a separate room, along with a deaf old gardener, who was proof against ordinary noises. In the morning, his room-mate was asked how he had slept. "I never slept a wink. He gart the very bed dirl under him." At last it became needful to extort a solemn pledge that, by way of giving all his neighbours a chance, the gallant captain would not lay his head on the pillow till a quarter of an hour after his comrades—a pledge which he kept with gay good-humour, sitting up, stop-watch in hand, till the company had a fair start of fifteen minutes; but woe betide the luckless wretch who could not gain the arms of Morpheus before Triton sounded his trumpet!'

But the snoring must at all times have been something considerable, since we read in another place that 'Drs Graham, Greville, Wight, Green, and myself, sleep quietly in one room, part of us in two beds, and the rest upon the floor'—which sounds alarming indeed—but that in the next room there were a good many people, it being covered from end to end with recumbent students. Their custom was to breakfast at seven; then the various parties would radiate in all directions, each provided with life-preservers in the shape of pocket-pistols; some would return at five, some at seven, and some not till nine o'clock; but the dinner was a 'movable feast,' consisting chiefly of cold meat, and fish, and potatoes, which could be cooked at a short notice.

Somewhere near Loch Eribol—wherever that may be—the crowding-in dormitory became rather too tremendous. 'We had here only one small room for the whole party, and so, learning from [Quaker] Barry that he in the earlier part of the day had botanised up the valley, and passed a shepherd's hut, where he was told he might stay all night, we thought

\* *Memoirs of the Life of James Wilson of Woodville*. By James Hamilton, D.D. Nisbet & Co.

it advisable to divide a little, as there was literally not room for us all upon the floor. Therefore, Barry and myself, with Captain Graham and the kilted Scobie, though we had all had a hard day's work, set off in the dark towards twelve o'clock, in search of a roosting-place. After a few miles, we came to the shepherd's hut, at which we knocked, and knocked, and knocked again; but the only answer we met for long was the violent barking of a band of collies in the interior. At last, a feeble and querulous grumbling was heard, as if from under a heap of clothes. We could make nothing of it for a considerable time, and so continued our knocking at door and windows. We finally made out that the muffled murmurings were intended to warn us off—that everybody *should* be in bed by that time of night—and that we must make the best of our way back to Cashel Dhu. In vain we entreated, and expostulated, and explained; in vain did Mr John Scobie menace them with ducal wrath, alternately in Gaelic and “the English tongue;” still more in vain did the gentler Barry “thee” and “thou” through the keyhole or the broken *lozen*. “Thou didst willingly promise me a night's lodging when I passed thy dwelling in the daytime. Surely thou wouldst not refuse us the cover of thy roof, and the use of thy hay. Thou oughtest not to have promised, if thou intendedst not to fulfil. Thou hast deceived us, and now we know not what to do.” I was certain from the first, from the tone of her voice, that she would not yield, and advised the party to be off, though I could not exactly advise them in what direction to turn their steps. We were about to go back to Cashel Dhu, when Mr Scobie proposed we should venture a few miles more up the valley, as he was “pretty sure” there was a hut somewhere on the other side of the river. Though angry at the caprice and selfishness of the woman who had turned us away (the man never spoke, and was supposed not to be at home, though I doubt not he was lying ensconced on the other side of his cruel rib), we were in good-humour with ourselves, and there was at least the chance of novelty in the adventure. It was now nearly one in the morning, fair, but dark. There must certainly have been a great deal of fun in all this; and when they had presently to cross a very broad and rapid stream, it must have been still better. From constant fishing, Captain Graham and myself were very sure of foot upon the slippery stones, and firm of limb to withstand the downward sweeping of the torrent. But, alas! for Barry and his breadth of brim. “Friend, art thou assured of the way? This now seemeth to me rather a perilous passage. Thinkest thou we had not best return?”

Even Wilson had ‘funked’ it as he stepped in, and fancied Isabella (his wife) was pulling beseechingly at his coat-tails. His affection for this lady seems to have been very tender and beautiful. He never could enjoy himself fully for thinking of her, and when away, was always picturing some misfortune to her, in his over-anxious mind. His letters, indeed, to her and ‘My dear sweet Lassie,’ his daughter, are exquisite expressions of domestic love, and ‘pious’ in a very high and unvulgar sense of the word. His Glimpses of the Hidden Life, as Chapter IX. is called, are, on the other hand, unreal enough without being spiritual, and might be left out of the volume with advantage. They did not quench his wit, writes his biographer apologetically, nor make him burn his fishing-rod, nor banish poetry and *belles-lettres* from his library; they ‘did not even hinder him from laughing or making others laugh.’ Why, of course they did not. Why should they? Religion is neither Bile nor Monomania; nor are we aware that the subject of these memoirs ever lived in Morningside Asylum, or deserved to go there. The following, it seems, was his direction, according to a brother-

naturalist in Paris, who prided himself upon his accurate knowledge of the English language:

‘England,

SIR JAMES WILSON,

Lover of Insects,

WOODVILLE, EDINBURGH.’

What reason, therefore, is there for such a gratuitous apology?

His reflections upon all subjects were pleasant, but rarely deep. He meets Van Amburgh's caravan in the Pass of Killiecrankie, and has to remark that he ‘doubts not no other camelopard had ever been seen there from the beginning of creation, and it may be, will never be seen there again till the end of time.’ Though why a camelopard should visit the Pass of Killiecrankie at the end of time, he makes no attempt to inform us.

His wit is of much the same order as his reflections—very good for social purposes, and doubtless heightened by a kindly charm of manner, but by no means of a sufficient body to bear bottling and retailing to the public at large.

An invalid having informed him that, as her room was under a chapel, and she was unable to move, she had had a gutta-percha pipe carried through the ceiling to the pulpit, by which means she heard perfectly, James Wilson did not approve of this; which he gravely stigmatised as ‘a kind of trawling for sermons.’ A Peace apostle, upon the occasion of some difficulties with the French in the matter of the Newfoundland fisheries, having expressed his horror at ‘the idea of going to war for some cod-fish,’ was overwhelmed by Wilson's coolness:

‘Yes, sir, that's true; but then ye see they're such *purra fine* cod-fish.’

But none of this, all very pleasant as it is, prevents the question arising in our minds of, ‘Why are these things published? Why have we this biography of an inoffensive and agreeable gentleman, who had considerable attainments in natural history?’ To those who knew Mr Wilson, it will doubtless be an interesting volume, but with that end, it should have been printed for private circulation. Because a man has written for the magazines, or even for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he does not become, of necessity, a public character.

Where is this sort of thing to stop, and who will be safe? Safety, indeed, has become out of the question for anybody. To escape, now means to only have a tract or magazine article devoted to one's memory; while to go scot-free, apparently, signifies to fill four hundred pages octavo, but to be mercifully spared a second volume.

#### A VIOLINIST'S TALE.

SEVERAL years ago, circumstances connected with my art led me to Naples. After working hard, and winning some sort of reputation as a violinist in my own country, I determined on giving a series of concerts in the principal cities of the continent, in the hope—I think not an unlaudable one—of upholding English music, and at the same time filling my own pocket. The experiment proved highly satisfactory; and with the exception of a few hostile criticisms, I must honestly confess I met with quite as much success as I deserved. At Naples, the appointment of solo-player at the Opera was offered me, and although the emolument attached to the office was not very high, I gladly accepted it, in order to enjoy the delights of a southern winter, and at the same time devote myself to theoretical studies under the genial influence of the siren Parthenope. We fiddlers require, every now and then, a few months' pause and abstraction from the too mercenary professional life of Paris and London, otherwise our enthusiasm is apt to

cool, and we come to look upon our once-loved art as no longer a mistress to be worshipped, but a trade to make money by. The appointment gave me occupation, but at the same time left abundant leisure to prosecute my other studies, and I was perfectly contented with my lot. The climate and scenery are alone an intoxication, whilst the magnificent Toledo, with its perpetual fair, the stately palaces of the Chiaja, or, better still, the unrivalled bay, prohibit all ennui. To live, simply to live in this 'piece of heaven fallen on the earth,' as the Neapolitan calls his country, is a positive pleasure; and as the eye rests upon the luxuriant garden around, or catches the sparkling foam of that delicious sea, with Capri and Ischia in the distance, we no longer wonder at the indolent pleasure-seeking nature of the people. Like a gentle opiate, lulling the sense of bodily pain, a divine repose steals over the fretted nerve and heated brain in this 'delicious land of lavish lights and floating shade;' and to the musician, living for the most part a highly artificial life, amidst the feverish excitements of perpetual emulation, the lotus gift comes with a double welcome. Yielding entirely to the surrounding influences, I shunned society as much as possible, and lived alone—alone with my loved Guernarius, best and most cherished of friends. In solitary rambles through the picturesque streets, an occasional sail to one of the small islands of Lazaretto and Nisida, or a stroll to the environs, the weeks passed by in delightful succession, literally embarrassed with the riches of nature and art. Nursed in solitude, my ideas grew apace; sheet after sheet of paper became crowded with a series of hieroglyphics, unintelligible to any but a very practised eye; and I had already planned, and even partly executed, a work of a more ambitious character than any I had hitherto attempted. This work, on which I intended to rest my reputation as a composer, now absorbed my whole attention, and in order to avoid every possible distraction, I raised my fees to such an amount as would leave me undisturbed by concert-givers. The pay of my appointment amply covered my expenses, and for a few months, at least, I resolved to live in retirement. To announce publicly that I declined to accept any engagements, would have been an insult to those who had so kindly welcomed me; besides, I was 'only a fiddler,' and had to live by my art, and was, moreover, satisfied with my condition. My only object was to gain a short respite from the excitement of solo-playing, and to give my fingers a holiday, not for a moment to abandon a profession which I had chosen in opposition to the counsels of my best friends, but which, with all its drawbacks, is the only one that would ever have satisfied the aspirations of my heart. The ruse answered perfectly, for in a land where instrumental performers are proverbially ill paid, ten louis appeared an exorbitant honorarium. So I lived in peace, fulfilling my allotted task, occasionally giving my services gratuitously, when the object was one of charity, but otherwise eschewing public life. A quartet of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's was the only temptation to which I yielded; and these glorious works never revealed their wondrous wealth of harmony to my ears so fully as when performed in my 'parlour near the sky' overlooking the azure sea.

One morning, towards the end of March, as I was sitting alone smoking, and correcting the score of my new work, the door suddenly opened, and a foreign-looking footman entered the room with a note from his master, Prince Paul —, a Russian nobleman, then living in Naples. To my infinite surprise, the note contained a request that I would spend the following evening at his palazzo, and bring some music. Of course, there could be no objection on my

part to accept the engagement, and I therefore presented myself at the appointed time and place, with my fiddle-case under my arm.

The palazzo was one of those noble mansions situated on the Chiaja; and I was ushered by the chamberlain through a magnificent hall into an elegantly furnished anteroom, where tea, coffee, &c., were liberally supplied. After duly disposing of my burden on one of the ottomans, I accepted a cup of the fragrant souchong, sank into a comfortable arm-chair, and began to make a survey of the apartment. Two or three servants dressed in black performed the duties of the tea-table to admiration, and the chamberlain was the very perfection of one of those now nearly obsolete functionaries. But what struck me as strange was, that I should be the only guest, and that no sounds of footsteps or voices should be heard. At length, growing impatient of the delay, I asked my cicerone for an explanation of this apparent anomaly; but the only reply I got was to the effect that monseigneur would wish to see me immediately; so I took up my instrument, tuned the strings, and then quietly awaited the momentous summons. Presently, the door was thrown open, and I was informed that the prince was ready; so I rose and followed my serious guide through a suite of apartments to the saloon where the great man and his friends were assembled. On my entrance, he advanced and welcomed me in tones of the most bland politeness; then, after a few commonplace, he said he should be delighted to hear me play. I bowed, and commenced a piece of my own composition, founded on a popular Neapolitan fisherman's song. I had purposely selected this for what dramatists call *le lever du rideau*, from the fact of its possessing a certain degree of sprightliness calculated to arrest the listener's ear, and thus produce a favourable reception for my more elaborate performance. It also gave me time to study my audience and the acoustic qualities of the room, which was of considerable size, but so dimly lighted, that its proportions were not easily definable. A few wax-candles, burning in silver stands, interspersed up and down, shed so feeble an illumination on the surrounding objects, that it served but to increase the gloom.

The company consisted of some twenty or thirty individuals, who preserved the most icy frigidity of manner. One lady, dressed in blue satin, with a jasmine flower in her hair, was beautiful as a Grecian statue, but, alas! as cold. Another of the guests seemed plunged in deep thought, for his head never once moved from its recumbent position during my performance. Two or three of the gentlemen were dressed in uniform, and, to judge from the stars and ribbons which adorned their breasts, must have been men of considerable distinction. Amongst the gentle sex I remarked a few very pretty girls clustered together in one corner, whilst an elderly lady, in black velvet and ostrich plumes, seated near them, surveyed the group with a smile of benevolent approval. One couple, consisting of an old gentleman and lady, who, to judge by their silver locks and venerable forms, must have long passed the term of life allotted by the Psalmist, sat in close proximity to their host, and were evidently the patriarchs of the party. The rest I could not see, with the exception of a dark-complexioned man of about thirty-five, who fixed upon me a steady glassy eye. There was a wild, haggard expression about that man's face, that I did not like; and whenever I looked in his direction, I met the same fixed stare, until it became an insult; but as if to make amends for this, a comely-looking dame, seated by his side, rewarded my exertions with a very kindly, good-humoured smile.

There was an air of *bienveillance* pervading the assembly; but, at the same time, I had never in my whole



experience found the Horatian axiom of *nil admirari* pushed to the same extent; and when I brought my solo to a close, not a single expression of satisfaction greeted my labours. I ought, by the way, to except the prince, who was pleased to express himself in flattering terms of my artistic endowments. Two footmen now brought on silver trays a slight refection, composed of ices, orgeat, and Venetian confectionary. Whilst this part of the ceremony was being enacted, and I was duly refreshing myself with an ice, such as Italy alone can produce, Prince Paul came up, and began to chat about the rival schools of music in Germany and Italy in a way that shewed considerable knowledge of the subject. There was in the old gentleman's manner a benevolence and regard to the feelings of others, combined with a genial warmth of expression, strangely opposed to the chilling indifference displayed by his guests.

After a sufficient pause, I resumed my instrument, and this time selected Prume's delicious *pastorale*, *La Mélancolie*, thinking that this might perhaps be more in harmony with the feelings of my audience. But it was all one; not an emotion was stirred by the most touching tones of that expressive melody, or the admirable variations which succeeded it. The dark eyes still glared at me wildly—the comely dowager smiled good-humouredly as before—the generals evinced no symptoms of a surrender of their stoicism—the group of fair girls, with their *chaperonne*, preserved the utmost composure—and *she* with the divine face and the jasmine flower! no trace, not even the faintest gleam of susceptibility dwelt on that adorable countenance. I could have borne all but this. Had one smile of approbation from those lovely lips rewarded my endeavours, I should have been content. But this indifference was dreadful. Was it possible that a being so thoroughly beautiful could be deprived of all sensibility to the poetry of sound? It could not be. No; I had failed in calling forth those emotions of the soul so obedient to the summons of the inspired musician. My wand was evidently impotent, and I became piqued and discontented. At length, after playing a mournful sweeping movement towards the close, without the slightest effect, I suddenly broke off, and in a fit of desperation dashed into the *Carnaval de Venise*. It was a last resource, and I resolutely determined on rousing this apathetic assemblage, at the sacrifice even of my own reputation. The most *outré* and extravagant variations—the most ludicrous sounds I could devise—altercations between the old man and woman, followed by the tumbling down stairs of the former, whilst hotly pursued by his better-half; Paganini's most grotesque movements, rendered grotesquer and absurder still—followed by the clucking of hens, crowing of cocks, the bleating of lambs, the grunting of pigs—the various sounds of a farm-yard, delightfully interspersed with the mewing of cats, and the lowing of an old cow, being the veritable song of which that ancient female died: all these, and more, were recklessly thrown in without the slightest regard to anything but the desired object of rousing my audience. Caring for nothing else, I fixed my eyes on the Madonna-like head, and watched intently her face. With the electric thread which seems to connect the musician and his listener, I was ready to catch the faintest expression of her features, to seize the slightest and most airy fancy of her brain, and transfer it to my strings. Alas, alas! all was fruitless; and after some of the maddest and most insane sounds ever emitted from a fiddle, I sank thoroughly exhausted into a spacious arm-chair, and buried my face in my hands.

The prince now approached and thanked me warmly for my services, at the same time expressing the gratification I had afforded him by what he was

pleased to term my wonderful execution and originality of genius. There was a dignity and grand-seignior air about the old nobleman which prevented my laughing bitterly at this dubious compliment to my charlatanry; but I saw at a glance that he meant no insult, and therefore contented myself with a formal bow. Soon afterwards, the chamberlain entered the salon; monseigneur politely wished me good-night, and my guide conducted me through the long suite of dimly lighted apartments to the hall. Just as I was leaving, I cast a glance behind: the divine head was pensive as ever—the dark eyes still glared—the good-natured dowager smiled—the warriors preserved their usual taciturnity, and the group of girls still lingered in the same corner. I felt I had produced no impression—that I had, moreover, made a fool of myself, and that the sooner I left the place, the better. Stung to the quick with mortification, I pushed brusquely past the attendants, and declining the proffered carriage, rushed into the street, glad to escape from this mansion of the dead.

The following morning I received a complimentary note, containing a cheque for ten louis, and expressing a wish to see me again in the course of the ensuing week. Now, as I said before, I am 'only a fiddler,' and have to live by my art; consequently, I again accepted the invitation, and drew out a programme of strictly classical music, thinking that my previous selection had probably not been to the taste of the listeners. I should not omit to mention that I was on each occasion provided with a *pianiste accompagnateur*.

The same stillness pervaded the mansion as before, the same ceremony, the same dimly lighted apartments, and, so far as I could perceive, the same guests. I played with care, for the idea had seized my mind that these silent persons were fastidious critics of music, and had probably not relished my extravagances of last week. I was therefore doubly scrupulous, and rendered with the utmost accuracy in my power Mendelssohn's magnificent concerto, which was my *pièce de résistance*. But I again had the mortification of closing without a murmur of that sweet music of applause which is to the executive artist as the breath of life. The exquisite beauty of the lady with the jasmine flower, faintly seen through the prevailing gloom, the soft pensiveness of that countenance, in whose features were blended Athenian grace with the Madonna inspiration, stole into my heart, and disturbed its usual placidity; for recollect, oh! reader, that I was in the land of Romeo and Juliet. As usual, the prince congratulated me on my performance, and the chamberlain conducted me to the door. The ten louis were duly forwarded, and I endeavoured to dismiss the subject from my mind; but in dreams there would arise the figure of a beautiful lady beckoning me to celestial bowers, and in the daytime my mind was haunted by her image. I became restless and moody; found myself, without what lawyers call any *malice prepense*, walking up and down in front of the palazzo, gazing at the windows, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the divine occupant. In fact, I began to evince all the symptoms of a man hopelessly and irretrievably in love. Laugh not, good friends, at my plight, for it was a sorry one. You who are rich and well born, can afford to love; the fair and the young smilingly strew the path to the citadel of their hearts with rose-leaves. And you, again, respected Jones, who don't exactly belong to the *crème de la crème*, can yet afford to love, and rear up a brood of sturdy little Joneses; but the poor artist, who is neither rich, nor high born, nor respectable—the Bohemian of society, the diverting vagabond, whose only mission is to mitigate the ennui of listless lords and ladies—what business has he to love, save some

rouged and spangled beauty of his own gipsy clan! It is true, he is admitted into the familiarity of the great; he is lionised, and, it may be, flattered, by beautiful women; often, too, he is the recipient of the most delicate confidences; yet woe betide him should he for a moment forget his exact position, and lift his eyes to the fair forms around him with any other than the coldest and most deferential gaze. Yet it is hard to do this at all times—hard, with your susceptible, nervous organisation, to case your heart in steel, and successfully resist the blandishments of beauty and refinement. I was fully aware of all this, and that my growing passion was the direct insanity; everything—my position in life—the utter indifference displayed by the object of all this delirium—went to prove the fact. Still the impossibility, the coldness, the mystery only served to add fuel to my raging love, and I was living in a sort of fever. For a time I did nothing but draw figures of melancholy ladies with flowers in their hair, write doggerel sonnets to Beatrice—I had ascertained her name—wherein the moon, and the stars, and the sea largely figured, and the word love generally rhymed to grove. During the height of this madness, I arose one night from my sleepless couch, stifled and restless; I threw open the window; the gentle breeze from the sea, bearing on its wings the voices of fishermen in the bay, mingled with the occasional laughter of a group of lazzaroni, listening to the recital of some drollery; the drowsy hum of the sleeping city, and the murmur of the waves, added to the picturesque sounds which in Naples never cease day or night—all tended to compose my mind. I drew on my dressing-gown and slippers, lighted my meerschaum, and sat by the window, inhaling rich draughts of the cool and grateful air.

Presently, I seized pen and paper, and began to write. The confused ideas and passionate ravings of my heart now found a vent, and poured themselves forth in musical forms. Without premeditation or design, my composition took a shape, into which I more happily threw those wild aspirations which, through ignorance of the medium, had been simply ridiculous abortions on the uncouth canvas and doggerel verse. So thoroughly became I absorbed in my occupation, that I was bewildered when Giulia, the pretty serving-maid, gently tapped at my door to announce the arrival of my matutinal roll and coffee. I looked around; the lamp still feebly flickered against the now almost brilliant sunlight; a mass of paper lay scattered on the floor, and the ashes of the pipe had fallen on my tattered *robe de chambre*, and curiously perforated that venerable garment. I hastily gathered the manuscript together, extinguished the lamp, admitted the astonished Giulia, discussed my breakfast, and then resumed my work. By noon, it was finished, and finished to my satisfaction; I entitled it *A Dream of Love*. The same evening I was again engaged at the palazzo, and went this time triumphantly armed with my new composition, which I had dedicated to 'The Unknown Lady.' She was, as usual, just visible through the perpetual twilight which reigned in this abode, with the same placid expression of goodness in her divinely beautiful face. The swarthy stranger was also there, and his eyes rested on me as wildly as ever; the good-humoured dowager was good-humoured still; the girls, fair as a group of sea-nymphs, appeared, like those wayward beings, devoid of human souls, for they were utterly unimpressionable. The other ladies and gentlemen maintained their usual frigid demeanour. I played a romance of Beethoven's; Ernst's *Élégie*, then just published; a selection of the *Sieder ohne Worten*; and then my own *Dream of Love*. Up to this time, I had evidently made no

way: my audience was unmoved, and I began to feel nervous, for I had staked all my hopes on the success of this last composition. At length I commenced, and gazing on the being of my idolatry, drank inspiration from that queenly brow. The tender strain proceeded coy and gentle as a bashful lover's vows; then gradually warming instinctively, it became hurried, uncertain, fierce, and strong, until, reaching the climax of frenzy, its passion exploded in a wild burst, and then, in broken sobs, and scarcely articulate sighs, it slowly died away in silence.

I fixed my straining eyeballs on the unknown lady, and sought to dive into the secret recesses of her soul. With a throbbing heart and fevered brow, I threw into the music all the fire which tormented my breast. The violin was no longer a mere musical instrument, but rather a human soul pouring forth the wailing melodies of 'some divine despair,' whose piteous accents must touch the coldest heart. Alas! it touched not hers. The dark eyes glared fiercely; the dowager relaxed not a muscle of that stereotyped smile; that detested smile nearly drove me mad. The maidens were passive as usual; and the heroes sat stolid as blocks of stone. I felt my head turning, and in a paroxysm of agony at the ruin of all my hopes, I flung aside my instrument, and, utterly reckless of consequences, threw myself at the feet of the lady, and wildly seized her arm, when—O that the earth had opened to receive me, and hide my shame!—the exquisite member crumbled into dust, and she, the madly worshipped queen of my soul, toppled over from her seat, and with a fearful crash, fell to the ground, dashed into a hundred fragments. . . . I recollect nothing further of what occurred; but when I regained my senses, I was at home, attended by a careful nurse and the ever-watchful Giulia. For some days, I was not allowed to allude to any subject of an exciting nature; but when my constitution had finally triumphed, and I was one evening sitting on the balcony, still weak, but rapidly recovering, the honest girl put a letter into my hand, which she had orders to deliver to me as soon as the physician would allow. I broke the seal, and read as follows:

'SIR—Your rash conduct has been cruelly punished, and I feel it has now become my duty to remove the mystery which has so painfully affected you. I am an old man, and have survived most of my contemporaries; consequently, I live chiefly in the past, amidst departed friends and bygone memories. For years, I have existed in this manner, alone, and yet surrounded by the dear familiar faces of those I loved best on earth. As each cherished friend died, I called into requisition the skill of the modeller, and in wax, clothed in their usual dress, wearing their usual expression, I have thus preserved my household gods around me. Remembering their various tastes, I procure those amusements to which they were most addicted, and for this purpose, I secured your ability. In these scenes, I live again, and the pleasures of memory crowd my brain. In fact, I have few other sources of joy left than those which lie embalmed in the past. Those figures you saw in the dim light are the exact—exact, yet, alas, how different representations of my departed friends and relatives; and the lady dressed in blue satin was my only daughter—good and pure as an angel. Ah! the wound is reopened. Adieu for ever. PRINCE PAUL —'

Enclosed was a cheque for fifty louis, and a ring, containing a lock of raven hair, set in diamonds. At first, I was furious. I resolved to return, with bitter reproaches, these hated *cadeaux*; but the prince was gone, no one knew whither. Thus baffled, I tore up into a thousand shreds my notturno, drawings, sonnets, &c. I was covered with confusion and shame. To have thus madly loved a wax-figure! All Naples would be pelting with ridicule the luckless foreign fiddler. I



must instantly leave the accursed place, and once more plunge into the active scenes of daily life. Fortunately, however, I found my adventure was not known; so I quietly resigned my appointment, and bade farewell to Naples—a city I have never revisited.

Many years had elapsed, and in the varied scenes of a busy professional life, the above circumstances had nearly faded away from my memory, when, to my astonishment, one morning, not long ago, I received a small parcel from abroad, containing the miniature portrait of a beautiful girl, exquisitely painted. A letter accompanied this gift, wherein I was officially informed, that by the will of the late Prince Paul—, recently deceased, at an advanced age, in Moscow, I became entitled to this portrait, together with some manuscript music, and a small sum of money. The music I found to be no other than a copy of my forgotten *Dream*, which had been left in the palazzo on the night of that dire confusion. Lost in amazement, I gazed at the well-remembered features until my mind dreamily wandered back through the long years to the sombre mansion, the eccentric old nobleman, the silent party, and my astounding *affaire du cœur* on the Chiaja.

#### NO MORE LOST ARMIES.

As a general rule, all well-meaning attempts to popularise instruction, to the extent of really making it entertaining and attractive to the undiligent Public, are failures. 'It may be port wine, since you say so,' observes the Universal Bad Boy, with a shudder; 'but it looks to me uncommonly like the old black dose!' Like Mr Dick Swiveller's *Marchioness*, he has 'to make-believe' very much indeed before he detects any smack of that boasted vintage, and a very little of the mixture is usually found to go a great way with him.

If we had been asked what topic it would be utterly hopeless to render palatable to any one save working M.P.s and the editor of the *Economist*, we should have replied—'A statistical Blue Book;' if we had been further urged to put it still more completely out of temptation to all but monomaniacs, we should have added, 'upon the sanitary mismanagement of the Army.' Genius and Patriotism have, however, combined in the present volume\* to present us with a most interesting and yet faithful picture of even this subject.

Over and above the Reports of the various Commissions instituted by the Government, Miss Martineau seems to have had peculiar facilities for making herself acquainted with the facts of the case, and it would certainly not have been easy to have found any one to exhibit such materials to greater advantage. If there is nothing extenuated, there is nothing set down in malice; nor is there, from beginning to end of the volume, one single personal censure. With the best knowledge afforded to her by the best informed, she has also the assurance of willingness to join in the work of Army Sanitary Reform from high quarters; for it is not *there* that the hitch seems to lie, though it does assuredly lie somewhere. 'A reform here and there has been granted and effected; but the complete organisation by which the life and health of the army are to be preserved is not instituted; and we have no apparent security that it will be. Something must be done to rouse and apply the necessary stimulus; and the most obvious resource is to extend the knowledge of the case among that public from which all great reforms proceed.' It is to this end that the book has been written.

\* *England and her Soldiers.* By Harriet Martineau. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The first chapter is historical, and treats of Lost Armies generally, whom the pestilence and not the arrow has consumed—of Walcheren, the Peninsula, and the first and second Burman campaigns—but we soon come to the more recent misfortunes of the Crimea, and our immediate needs at home.

The conditions of health of the agricultural labourer, before and after his enlistment, are thus graphically contrasted:

'Bob had always lived in the same cottage. It was a tidy place when his parents married; but now it is a mere hovel. Those brick cottages are almost worse than the clay tenements of other counties for standing weather. Mossy in one place, and black in another, the walls shew signs of crumbling in a quarter of a century, instead of standing for a thousand years, like the dwellings of a mountain region. The wet comes in at corners, and the thatch is rotten in places. The bit of window up stairs will not open; but that does not matter, as it is broken, and never mended. It is stopped up with anything that comes to hand; for a man who gets only eight shillings a week cannot employ the glazier. Bob has always slept at the top of the stair, in a nice current of air from the chimney below and the broken window above. During the day he has always been abroad in the fields, except when the weather would allow nothing to be done there; and fresh air, bread, bacon, and potatoes have made a stout man of him, though rather round in the shoulders and wabbling in his gait. He has generally carried a pound of good mud on each foot, and never had any nice fancies about the dung-heap, three yards from the door. His ruddy face smiled through all the grime; and as his mother said, he "throve in the dirt." There was a grand prospect before him when he quitted the old home, the mother admitted.

'It is true he never thought to live in such a place as the barrack-rooms. He never had such bedding before, nor had seen such, except in the great shop. He had never had beef for dinner every day; and certainly he never before kept his person so clean, nor wore anything like such clothes. Yet his health is not what it always was before. He is perpetually having colds. His coughs return whenever the weather changes. His sleep is disturbed; and he feels ready to hang himself in the morning till the fresh air revives his spirits. He wearies of his meals; he wearies of his drill, and of all his business; he wearies of his very life. When he dreams of the lark in the meadow, he thinks he should like to desert, if he had the spirit; but he knows his lot is cast, and he pines on till some change is appointed him. His chest was expanded at first by the drill; and his walk is soldierly—he even thinks he is grown—but still he is not the man he was. His health is, in fact, undermined. His clothes are not as good as they are fine. The cloth sucks up wet like a sponge, and thickens and shrinks with it—having been before like a fine sieve, letting in the cold as easily. His boots burst out before he has worn them a week. He used not to mind the rawest wind on the common; but now he feels the cold whenever he turns out of the warm guard-room into the night-air; and if he comes in wet, he must sleep in his damp clothes in a place close with the breath of many comrades; hence his cough. The first person who enters in the morning says the smell is enough to knock one down. Heavy and headachy, he must rise and make his bed, and prepare his personal matters, and breakfast at seven. Then there is drill, or guard, as may be; not nearly enough to fill up his day or his thoughts. He is never alone to think in peace; nor can he work with his hands to relieve his dulness. He goes perhaps to new quarters in one place or another, and back again; but there is no prospect of war, or any

more enlivening service. If, in addition to these things, he takes a disgust to boiled beef, and if the water is bad to drink, and there are foul smells about from worse causes than the dung-heap at home, it is no wonder that he goes into hospital from time to time. In fact, his comrades die off fast—more than twice as fast as policemen, and nearly three times as fast as the neighbours at home; and it may be expected that poor Bob will perish in consumption, unless he is carried off first by one of those sweeps which fever and cholera make in barracks and other places where the people have not each their portion of fresh air and pure water. It is really true that foot-soldiers in barracks at home have died at the rate of above twenty per thousand in a year, while men of the same age, of various ordinary occupations, and in a healthy situation, have died at the rate of only seven in a thousand.

Miss Martineau is careful to tell us that this state of things is going and almost gone: 'we have a camp full of healthy troops at Aldershot, in spite of some unfavourable conditions, which would have done deadly mischief among them ten years ago;' but its departure has been exceedingly recent, and has been always resolutely obstructed by the same class of persons, who now, with fore-feet firm planted, are opposing other sanitary reforms, at least as necessary, for the sick and wounded in the field. Long before now, there seem to have been some persons in high office who would have done great good in these matters, had they been permitted by 'the System.' At the beginning of 1854, before the troops embarked for the Russian war, there were three commissioners sent out to explore the localities in which the army was likely to be encamped.

No. 1 reported of the country south and west of Adrianople, from Constantinople to the furthest probable western limit; No. 2 traversed the Danubian provinces from Vienna downward, and inquired into the diseases of the Principalities and Turkey; and No. 3 examined the country lying on the way from Constantinople to the Balkan and the north. These were specimens of the sanitary corps which Miss Martineau insists should be attached, independent of the Medical Staff, to every army. Whether these performed their duties satisfactorily or not, we do not know. The practical result of their expedition was *nil*; nothing was ever even heard of their reports. 'The explorers held no place, in fact, and were pushed aside for want of it. "The System" was not made for their admission; and the soldiers took their chance of wet lodging, bad water, and no hospital to go to beyond their Regimental one, which could not be expanded to meet any extensive need.'

So early as the 6th of June, in the beginning of the Russian war, the Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals, writing from Varna for mattresses and various comforts for two hundred men who had 'literally nothing,' and complaining of such an absolute want of medicines, equipments, and comforts as would make dreadful the condition of the sick if the army should have to move, is informed that his letter is 'disagreeable,' and recommended to keep his recommendations to himself. Meanwhile, the cholera appears: the disease spreads rapidly; two or three urgent letters per day are despatched for medicines that do not come; 'opium and brandy, for Heaven's sake, at all events; a horse-araba (horse and cart) could bring them;' even an orderly dragoon, it is urged, could bring back something to save some lives. The replies to which, 'while men were dying by hundreds for want of a spoonful of medicine each,' are, that the amount of medicine required does not authorise the hire of a cart, and that they, the applicants, are making 'a too lavish use of arrow-root.' Similarly, when at the general

hospital at Scutari, in January 1855, six dead dogs lay just under one ward window, and a dead horse 'for some weeks in the aqueduct;' when its floors were rotting with dirt; when the walls and ceiling gave out pestilence from animal matter, and the filth, vermin, and rats, under the wooden divans, on which the men lay, were of themselves a poison; we find that in February the state of the sewers and pipes are being made 'a subject for consideration.' Was there no responsible person to have his nose rubbed in the worst of these abominations? Was there no super-vising Board, whose wooden heads could all have been knocked together violently for these enormities? And this was the condition of the General Hospital, when there had been several months' grace for getting it into order. 'If any due conception,' says Miss Martineau, 'of a General Hospital had been entertained, there would have been not only a removal of all existing filth, but arrangements for rendering harmless, and carrying away, all the refuse from an abode containing 2000 persons. There would have been a provision of pure water, accessible wherever it was wanted in the building, and security against all pollution of it.'

But to return to Varna: what wretchedness were the troops there enduring, even before the miseries of war began! Fatigue-parties were busy burying the dead. 'The troops growing idle and despondent, did not know nor care where they should go next—would certainly die if they remained there—heard things were just as bad on board the fleet—had not expected to be sacrificed wholesale without seeing the enemy.' There the dwindling regiments sat watching the spread of the grave-yards and the passage of the funerals, all day long. The best of our soldiers had sunk to being obliged to divide a march of ten miles between two days. The strongest staggered under their knapsacks.

'When we, at home, canvassed that autumn the policy of the Crimean expedition, we little dreamed that such a consideration was involved as the very existence of our army in the east. But so it was.'

'The migration to the Crimea saved our force; and was only just in time. The men were so weak that they could scarcely carry their own weight. Hence the loss of their kits, and of many things which they would not, on landing, have believed they could throw away. We are told that in another month not a man would have remained alive.'

It is inconceivable, writes Miss Martineau, with a hope that we trust is not born of honest indignation only, that a British army should ever again sit down in a malarious valley, for want of a Department whose business it should be to secure the army from epidemics, as the commissariat secures it from starvation.

When they were about to set sail from that accursed shore to the undreaded battle-field, the medical *chef* appealed to Lord Raglan on the matter of ambulance provision, and he caused twelve wagons to be shipped, complete for use. He sailed before the transport, however, and 'some one' objecting to the arrangements, the wagons were ordered to be put ashore again. Ten were landed, the mules of all were drowned, and the harness was lost; so that two wagons, without draught and harness, represented the ambulance of Lord Raglan's force, when it went out to meet the enemy.

No wonder, under such circumstances of foresight, that after that first miserable bivouac by the sea-shore, Lord Raglan writes that his army was 'pursued by cholera to the battle-field.' It is true, 'in the ardour of attack they forgot all that they had endured;' but even they could not be for ever attacking. Lowered in health and tone by what they had gone through in Bulgaria, and by damp and exposure

since they had landed in the Crimea, scurvy seized them, even before they became dependent upon salt provisions. We all remember how, when that dreadful cry arose for 'Lime-juice,' there was no less than 20,000 pounds of it lying close at hand, which it was nobody's business to speak about. In the same fashion, while 147,000 gallons of porter were in store at Scutari, and 170,000 rations of tea at Balaklava, this, says Sergeant Jowett, of the 7th Fusiliers, in his *Diary*, was how the British soldiers fared: 'Just fancy yourself in the middle of a field, up to your knees in snow, after walking about all night in it. You are hungry, and want something warm. Well, you have some raw coffee, some pork, and a little biscuit, with a small portion of sugar, and a little rum, or grog; of course you despatch the latter the moment you get hold of it. The other articles are different. You have no wood: none to be got, only the roots of brushwood. You manage to steal a pickaxe, for you cannot get one without, and then you commence grubbing for these roots. You are tired, but still you must have something warm. In the course of an hour or so, you manage to get a few roots; but the next thing is, how are you to light a fire? That has to be done, and must be done, if you wish to live. You manage to get your fire lighted after a great deal of trouble, and perhaps burning half the only shirt you have—that on your back—and then you have your raw coffee to roast or burn. You get a piece of tin, put the coffee-berries on it, and place the tin over the fire. All this time perhaps you are almost frozen to death. When the berry gets black, put on your tin of water, and get a piece of an old sack, that you have stolen from your employers, and two stones, and beat to powder, and then wait till your water boils; you then put it into the water, and your coffee is made. You have then your pork to boil; but that is not much trouble after your fire is lighted. I wonder how many would like to pass away three months in the manner I just picture. Not many, I think, though strong.'

That, however, was the break-down of the Commissariat; and we are now more immediately concerned with the absence of a Sanitary Department. Here are two eloquent pictures of Balaklava dirty and Balaklava clean, that must carry conviction to all, of the necessity for such an arm being permanently attached to the military service. 'The case of Balaklava was very striking. The town contained between 500 and 600 inhabitants before the army appeared above it. Sergeant Jowett was delighted with the first view of it. "A prettier little valley I never saw in my life; fruit in abundance; in fact, everything we could wish for. The poor people had all run away, and left their homes; they appeared to be quite taken by surprise." By other testimony, the place was as neat as a Dutch town. If the army had been supplied with sanitary officers, the valley would have been put in order for the coming crowd, and secured from corruption, before the men were allowed to enter upon any other business. A few hours at first would have made wharfs, and secured the water-courses, and made provision for the interment of dead bodies and other corrupting substances, and cleaned the dwellings, and arranged for the regular clearance of the harbour from all floating refuse. As there was nobody to do the preventive part, all the efforts of the commandant and the admiral failed to cure the mischief at a later time.

'When at length the Board of Health was proposed, in March 1855, the east side of the harbour had long been one mass of putrescence. Animals and vegetables had been thrown away there, and the salt waters passed through the refuse on the shore, causing an intolerable stench, and floated the blown carcasses of dead horses and decayed vegetables. At

the head of the little harbour, the burying-ground was to the last degree offensive. I will not describe it. Now, if preventive methods had been instituted here, decency, and even health, might have been preserved, though 30,000 men were crowded where five or six hundred had lived before. A sanitary police would have prevented the killing of animals elsewhere than in the place of slaughter, and would have seen the offal buried; and so on throughout. When the road was made, and the best cleansing effected that the military and naval authorities could order, the state of things was far inferior to what prevention would have made it; and in the interval, thousands of men had died. Cholera and fever broke out, again and again, in the town and in the shipping in the harbour, between May and September; and Admiral Boxer himself fell a victim to cholera in June.

'But Balaklava became healthy at last, and while the crowd was still there. How was it? The Sanitary Commission undertook at last the business that should have been done first. Whatever filth could be burnt was burnt. The rest was, if movable, carried out far to sea and sunk; if not movable—as the contents of the grave-yard—it was thickly covered with lime, charcoal, and earth. Each dirty office had its proper place appointed, and the refuse disposed of. The decaying matter on the east side was deodorised and covered in; the shoal water at the head of the harbour was made dry land; the worst houses were pulled down, and the others cleaned and whitewashed within and without; drains were made, and stench disappeared; the ships were cleansed, and daily surveyed by three naval surgeons, who acted as a sanitary police. So many had died, that the work went on slowly for want of hands; but by July the worst was over, and in a few weeks more "Balaklava became what it might have been from the beginning, as healthy a little seaport as can be seen."

If the above affords a practical proof of what can be done by competent persons in the way of sanitary improvement, the following will shew what disease can do in the absence of any such antagonists. From June 1854 to June 1856 inclusive, there were received into the general hospitals on the Bosphorus 43,288 sick and wounded soldiers, of whom 5432 died; that is to say, out of this mighty host of sick, dying, and dead, fire and sword contributed only 4161 admissions and 395 deaths during the entire period! The change in both camp and hospital within one year, affords a lesson indeed; under one method of proceeding, 18,000 men died, who, under another method, would have lived. During the first seven months in the Crimea, the deaths from disease alone, without reckoning the casualties of war, were at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum of the whole force. During the last six months of the war, on the other hand, the mortality among the troops in camp was only two-thirds what it was at home!

Again, this is the account of what went on during the first part of the war, in hospital: 'It had never been clearly settled what was the duty of the medical officers, so that there was endless confusion about what each should be doing. The surgeon might be seen receiving, examining, and dispensing food and wine, when he was sorely needed by the bedside of the wounded. It was calamitous; but not so much so as the other alternative of leaving his patients without food. He might be seen early in the morning directing the sweeping and cleaning of the wards; or in the kitchen, boiling starch for bandages, because his orderlies did not know how to do it; or spending hours with pen in hand over accounts or returns, or records which could have been better kept by another man, while there was an actual deficiency of surgeons, and an epidemic in the place. As one consequence, the assistant-surgeon, whose proper business it was



to dress wounds and sores, and make up medicines, and fill up the diet-rolls for his superior, was charged with the duties of that superior before it could be ascertained whether he was qualified. It is literally true that, while medical officers of proved skill were in unequalled demand in the wards, some were examining corks and tasting wines, and others were at the desk for hours of the day, their dressers and assistants having each the sole charge of sixty or a hundred grave cases.'

After the arrival of Miss Nightingale, the transformation from confusion to order, from filth to cleanliness, got to be complete, although the change was not, of course, one of pantomimic quickness. We have no space, however, for more than this general statement. In hospital, during the last six months of the war, the mortality among the patients scarcely exceeded that of the healthy Guards at home.

The great questions to be asked concerning the whole matter are two. 1. What is to be done for the future, that we may not hear of any more Lost Armies? To this the 'practical aims and recommendations' at the end of the volume, supply an answer in eight different suggestions, of which those under *Hygiene*—the care of the healthy—a *separate department*, and *Concert between departments*, seem to be of especial value. 2. Who is it stops the way? 'The good-will of the sovereign is believed in on solid grounds. Two secretaries of state have signified their approbation of the reforms recommended by the commissioners, and the commander-in-chief is regarded as the soldier's friend. The obstruction is supposed to lie lower down. Change is abhorred in government offices.'

Under a good organisation, each man in each department is responsible for getting some definite thing done. Under a bad one, and the one delighted in by our officials, he is responsible only for calling upon somebody else to do it. We cordially hope that such a system may no longer be suffered to destroy our soldiery, and that the concluding aspirations of our authoress may be fulfilled. 'Britons love their soldiers; they are proud of them; they intend to preserve their military quality from being ever questioned or overshadowed again. They will therefore take their own constitutional measures for securing a perfect relation henceforth between ENGLAND AND HER SOLDIERS.' If so, and if, as we cannot doubt, this volume should hasten the good time coming, there will be yet another woman's name associated with the cause of the soldier; and when that of Florence Nightingale is blessed, that of Harriet Martineau will also not be forgotten.

#### A HARD CASE.

I AM a barrister. I don't intend to disguise the fact in the least, for upon it hangs my expectation of pity, perchance of indignation, as to my hard lot, from those who shall peruse my present statement.

I paid L.50 to the honourable society of Gray's Inn; I ate a certain number of dinners; and at the end of three years, I found myself clad in a horsehair wig and black stuff-gown, sitting in the back row of seats in one of her Majesty's superior courts of common law at Westminster—a full-blown barrister.

I am blessed with a father, mother, four brothers, and five sisters, all living, and I am bound to say that I believe all these eleven individuals were equally convinced that in a short time my horsehair wig afore mentioned would be exchanged for a long powdered 'full-bottom,' my stuff-gown for one of flowered satin, embroidered with gold; and that preceded by my mace and purse-bearer, I should

honour my family generally, and delight them in particular, as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

It is true I attached myself to the 'common-law bar;' but what of that? Was not Mr — made a vice-chancellor, and Mr — Master of the Rolls? and did not they both belong to the common-law bar? Superior genius must ever burst through such trammels; and therefore, though an aunt down in Hampshire earnestly longed, and confidently expected, that I should become a common-law judge, and go the western circuit clad in scarlet robes, and dine with her, and accommodate her with a seat on the bench by my side, to the envy and astonishment of beholders—and had even darkly hinted to certain individuals the necessity she should soon be under of enlarging the sphere of her acquaintance, and of 'cutting' some who moved in a circle not quite in accordance with her anticipated honours—the general family belief was, as I said before, that in due time I should be appointed custodian of her Majesty's great seal and conscience.

To pass over a great deal of matter which would certainly be uninteresting to the general reader, I may mention that I have now been a barrister four years, and that the gross amount of my professional receipts during that period is ten shillings and sixpence, a fee received late one evening in the Court of Queen's Bench for moving the court when all my learned friends had, fortunately for me, gone home.

Ten shillings and sixpence in four years! 2s. 7½d. per annum! Rather a moderate amount for a member of a learned profession to earn; one, too, who duly attended during term in court; who studiously pondered over the 'points' which arose during an argument; who laughed at everything jocular uttered by the judge, and sneered, when he sneered, at an attempted piece of wit of an unfortunate counsel. To what could I trace my non-success?

Partly to my not being known. Being known is everything to a young barrister. Unless it be by some peculiarly fortunate event he is 'drawn out,' and exhibits great learning or acuteness, a gentleman of the bar may wait year after year for business, and never receive it. Thoroughly known, however, even to a few leading men of the other branch of the profession—I mean attorneys—the chances of success for a person of much less considerable talent are wonderfully greater.

There is Tom Jones, on the opposite staircase to mine. Jones hasn't a tenth part of the legal knowledge I have, though I say it; yet attorneys' clerks are continually rushing across to his room-door with those well-known bundles of blue-wove paper, neatly tied with red tape, called 'briefs;' and Tom is as regularly drawn out of his den by other attorneys' clerks to consultations, references, judges' chambers and court; and the money is rolling in, and 'Mr Jones' is on the lips of the judge, and 'my learned friend Mr Jones' on those of the counsel, morning, noon, and night. But, then, Jones's father is a well-known serjeant-at-law; and Jones's uncle is an old-established attorney; and Jones's grandfather was the Honourable Mr Baron Jones, Puisse Judge of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer at Westminster. So that when anybody asks: 'Who's this Jones?' the answer is: 'Oh, the nephew of old Jones of Cursitor Street—Jones, Brown, and Jones, you know.' 'Is he doing pretty well?' 'O lor, yes; he's stepping into the business of his father, the serjeant, as fast as he can.' 'Ah! I suppose he's a clever young man?' 'O dear, yes; why, his grandfather was old Baron Jones;' and this of course terminates the conversation, and Tom Jones has another acquaintance likely to give him a brief when he has one to bestow.

How different with myself! 'Who's this Brown?' 'What, Charles Brown of King's Bench Walk?'

'No; not him.' 'Edward Brown of Serjeants' Inn?' 'No; James Brown of Gray's Inn.' 'Don't know, I'm sure; never heard the name!'

Then a second great hindrance to my becoming great in a legal point of view, is, that I am very modest. Nothing so dangerous to your aspiring lawyer as modesty. I know very well that my knowledge of the vast structure of English jurisprudence is limited—very limited; and it takes me some considerable time to con over a case carefully, and apply to its solution all the legal principles I know; and after some hours, or it may be days, of hard thinking, I am sometimes in doubt as to whether plaintiff or defendant is in the right. 'Dreadful slow coach,' say the attorneys; 'very different from such a sharp chap as Bridger!' But, then, Bridger sees things intuitively; or, if he don't, he pretends he does, which is much the same thing.

'Bless my soul,' says Bridger the other day to old Tacks, the attorney, who had put rather a long case in his hands for his opinion—'bless my soul, you don't expect me to read all this; tell me in two words what it's all about.' Tacks of course did so. 'Plaintiff hasn't a smell of a chance,' says Bridger; 'swamped as safe as nails if he goes into court;' and down go a few words on the back of the brief, and five guineas are won! What is the consequence? 'Confoundedly sharp chap that Bridger,' says Tacks—'law at his finger-ends;' and Mr Bridger's business increases accordingly. 'But,' says the reader, 'now and then, such an off-hand practitioner must get into a scrape, and give a wrong or erroneous opinion.' Very true; and what is said? 'Ah! Bridger's wrong; well, it's wonderful, with his enormous practice, he is not oftener out than he is;' and so the matter ends. It is not indeed so much in chambers that such a man as Bridger shines, as at the bar. Hear him thunder away to the jury! By and by the judge drops down upon him with a little point of law. 'My lord, my learned friend has considered that matter,' says Bridger with the utmost coolness, and sits down to make way for some poor little parchment-faced man, as full of law as an egg's full of meat, who has been 'brought out' under the wing of his far less learned, but far more self-assured friend.

Now, I am not going to impose upon the reader with the assertion that men such as Jones or Bridger are the men who eventually become the burning and shining lights of the legal profession—it is not so. Jones and Bridger will each, perhaps, very rapidly rise to the possession of a great name and a large income as barristers; but most likely they will never rise higher. There is such a thing as profound legal knowledge, and there are offices to which every lawyer aspires, in which profound legal knowledge is indispensable. Fearfully out of his element would Mr Bridger be were he to wake up some morning and find himself attorney-general, solicitor-general, or judge! For such an office as this, the hard-studying, plodding, and untiring lawyer is the man—such a man as Evans over the way, who, twenty years ago, began the study of the law without a friend in the world. Calm, sure, and determined—with a mind formed for the most intense thought, and a body capable of enduring any amount of fatigue—Evans slowly and steadily advanced in his profession; difficulties innumerable were one by one conquered, labours overcome, and opposition mastered; from a pleading to the bar, from stuff-gown to silk, from a junior to a senior counsel, till yesterday the chancellor's messenger knocked at old Evans's door, and handed him a letter which announced that her Majesty was willing to appoint him one of her judges, as the successor of Mr Justice White, deceased the week before. Everybody knew Evans would get it, and everybody was glad of it. I said the appoint-

ment was an excellent one—and what a reward for hard and careful study—£5000 a year, £3500 retiring pension, a knighthood, and honours innumerable, both in town and on circuit.

I shall never arrive at such a consummation—unknown, modest, a moderate knowledge of the law. Of course, every respectable person would choose to rise in Evans's particular manner. A nice task have you set before yourself, good reader, if you intend so to do. Evans has probably read, and thoroughly digested, some six or seven thousand reported decisions; he has them all in his head; knows the several points which arose during the argument of each case; can exactly discriminate one cause from another, though differing in the most hair-breadth manner; and is able to refer in a moment to the volume and to the page where each is recorded. Evans, too, has read and thought over some few thousand acts of parliament; has unravelled the complicated sections of each; knows where the statute 'applies,' and where it *don't* apply; how part of the 27 Car. II., cap. 3, was repealed by 19th William and Mary, cap. 14, and re-enacted in a limited manner by 3 Geo. II., cap. 7, upon the true construction of which the great case of *Shin v. Booker* arose, which was decided by the Court of Common Pleas for the plaintiff, their decision being set aside by the Court of Exchequer Chamber, and confirmed on appeal to the House of Lords—and so on. Added to this, what labour has he undergone during the last twenty years! First, as a *pleader*, sitting in his quiet chambers hour after hour, and day after day, drawing up complicated declarations, pleas, replications, demurrers, &c.; then, as a junior counsel, bearing the labour and responsibility of hundreds of important cases, where property to a fabulous amount was concerned; then, as a 'leader,' arguing before juries, and before learned judges on points requiring an exquisite knowledge of every portion of the law, spending the whole of each day in the courts, and perhaps half the night at his place in parliament, watching bills through the House affecting the practice of the law, and scarcely knowing rest from one year's end to another.

Such were his labours in town. On circuit they were not less severe. Men of Evans's stamp, 'leaders' of the circuit, have entered an assize town with *ninety* briefs in their hands. Fancy, good reader, that you have reposed in *you* one long and difficult case, to arrange and conduct, what care and thought you would bestow upon it; then multiply that case by ninety, and calculate, if you can, the amount of head-aching and brow-throbbing you would endure in the consideration of them.

Lord Brougham, when leading the northern circuit, has been known not to take off his clothes for an entire week. The same great lawyer was obliged to travel from one assize town to another by night, and used to spend the hours in reading his briefs by lamp-light as he rolled along lying on a portable bed fitted up in his carriage.

'A great relief he will find it to be a judge,' says one of Evans's friends, talking over his good-fortune. Well, a great relief it certainly will be, so far as anxiety respecting the possible loss or diminution of business is concerned; but do not for a moment imagine, my friend, that judges have nothing to do.

One thing you may take for granted, with one or two exceptions, every judge has a holiday from about the middle of August to the end of October, but pretty hard the majority of them work during the remainder of the year. Taking the judicial year to commence on the 2d of November, the 1st day of Michaelmas Term, he will have to sit in Banc to hear and decide points of law from that day until the 25th of November, and then go a winter circuit to try prisoners in some remote counties, and this

will bring our judge pretty nearly to Christmas-day. Then a week's holiday, and Hilary term begins, followed by a long spring circuit, perhaps the northern, with its three or four hundred prisoners, and two or three hundred causes to try. Then Easter term, Trinity term, and the summer circuit, and he will have completed the legal year, and find himself at the commencement of the long vacation. If to these duties you add sittings in the Privy Council and House of Lords, at the Old Bailey, in Error, in crown-cases reserved in the Courts of Chancery, on tax-cases, and plenty of laborious work at chambers, and at home in preparing judgments, and looking through private bills in the House of Lords, you will agree that an English judge has no sinecure office.

But I am wandering wonderfully from my own private discomforts in dilating thus upon the engagements of English judges. I shall never be a judge, not even of a county court, for I have not interest enough, and what imports it to me, therefore, whether those learned functionaries work much or little?

No, a 'briefless barrister' I am, and a briefless barrister I am likely to remain, unless matters take some remarkable turn. Now and then, a stray brief or reference may drop in, or even, by some fortunate chance, a revising appointment, or the secretaryship to a royal commission, but that is all; and whiskers—the just pride of the English bar—will turn gray, and forehead be wrinkled, and still I shall be sitting at the 'utter bar.'

It is a melancholy reflection, but my case, hard as it is, is the case of hundreds of other barristers, who, like myself, have not been blessed with interest, impudence, or profound learning. There are, probably, altogether, enough of barristers in England to undertake the conduct of the whole of the lawsuits yearly proceeded with in Europe!—how many, then, must be unemployed when but a small portion of the population of our own country are unfortunate enough to be plunged in litigation? The entrances to the church and to the medical profession are preceded by strict and searching examination, and the number of aspirants is by that means alone considerably diminished. A man may become a barrister without reading a volume or answering a question! Who would not be a barrister?

#### CELESTIAL AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURE and horticulture—for the two are carried on together—may be regarded as the national occupations of the Chinese; and the great success which has attended their modes of cultivation, fostered as they have been by royal patronage, and aided by an imperial treasury, is such as to have gone far to render the inhabitants of that large and densely peopled country, comfortable, rich, and happy.

The vegetable crops produced in those parts of Southern China which are near Canton and Macao, are similar to those of Europe, and are grown for the express purpose of supplying, with that portion of their food, the European population of Hong-kong and its surrounding districts. Large quantities of pease, potatoes, and onions are constantly reared for those markets, and there is also a constant demand, which is supplied by the trading-junks, for the white cabbages of Shan-tung and Peking; even in the more northern parts of the empire, wheat, barley, pease, beans, and different kinds of vegetables are a staple production; in addition to which, the cabbage oil-plant is extensively grown, chiefly for the useful oil which is obtained in considerable quantity from its seeds. In a recent work on China, we are informed that 'about Chin-choo and Amoy, the wheat-crops are so poor that the labourers pull them by the hand, in the same manner as we do on our moorlands

in England and Scotland. They are, of course, much better in the rich district of Shang-hae, but the varieties of both wheat and barley are far inferior to ours; and, as the Chinese sow them too thickly, they are generally much drawn at the heads, and the corn small.' On the other hand, according to 'our own correspondent,' in China, 'they have no couch-grass, no thistles contending for the full possession of the land, as we see in Wales; no uninvited poppies, no straggling stalky crops, the poverty-stricken covering of an exhausted soil. At rare intervals, we see a large rich-coloured coxcomb flaunting himself among the cotton; but, generally speaking, there is not a leaf above the ground which does not appertain to the crop to which the field is appropriated.'

The chief food of the Chinese and other eastern nations being rice, the cultivation of this grain forms the principal occupation of the agricultural population; and as two crops of it are usually raised every hot season, followed by a crop of something else in winter, the people are always busily employed. The rice-grounds, extending over thousands of acres, are kept moist by a reticulation of canals, rivers, and water-ways, and the more easily, since they are frequently formed by extensive flats—or 'lands,' as they are called—below the level of the rivers, or arranged in terraces, convenient for water, on the sides of hills. The ground is most carefully prepared for the young rice-plants, which, previous to the period for transplanting, have been raised in little clumps in fields that have been so excessively manured as almost to be incapable of receiving additional supplies, the seed having likewise been steeped for a brief period in a liquid manure. The spots most favourable for the cultivation of rice are thus described in the *Highland and Agricultural Society's Journal*: 'They are such as are of an alluvial kind, as, for instance, where the soil is carried along by the streams which tumble down the sides of the hills, and being deposited near their feet, gives breadth to the little valleys, or forms a delta at their mouth. In this way, a field or farm is produced fit for the tiller; and the stream which deposited it still supplies a stock of water to replenish the banks and furrows. Thus, by a simple and beautiful provision of nature, the meadow is formed and irrigated by the same cause. The fields are parted by neat terraces, beside which the rills often glide in refreshing lapse, and the little fish sport in the radiance of a summer sun.' The land, then, having been previously flooded, the operation of ploughing is rendered comparatively easy, and is carried on by means of a buffalo, which, along with its human attendant, has to wade in a considerable depth of thin mud during the whole process. The ground is next gone over with a pair of harrows, tearing up and mixing the earth till it subsides into a soft, muddy level; the soil, by this process, cleaned and exquisitely pulverised, is made ready to receive the young rice-plants, which having been previously grown to the height of about ten inches, are very carefully lifted, in order to protect their fine roots, from their original beds, and replanted in 'spots' of a dozen plants. Mr Fortune, in his work on China, tells us that this operation is performed with wonderful celerity. 'A labourer,' he says, 'takes a number of plants under his left arm, and drops them in bundles over the land about to be planted, as he knows almost to a plant what number will be required. These little bundles are then taken up, and the proper number of plants selected and plunged by the hand into the muddy soil. When the hand is drawn up, the water immediately rushes into the hole, carrying with it a portion of soil to cover the roots, and the seedlings are thus planted and covered in without further trouble.' The fields are afterwards kept in a constant state of liquidity by means of a plentiful supply of



water, and this is continued till the crop is about ripe, when it is no longer necessary; during its growth, all weeds are carefully removed, and the soil about the roots frequently stirred up. The rice-harvest is simple enough, as the grain is usually thrashed out in the field where it is grown. As the least shake separates the particle from the straw, the usual process with most kinds of rice is to dash it in large handfuls against the side of a tub, which is curtained round on one side, to shield it from the wind, and so the matter ends.

The great points in the agriculture of China are the systems of manuring and irrigation. The ostentatious mode of collecting the ordinary manure, while it sickens Europeans on the spot, seems laughable to those who contemplate it with the ocean between; but, independently of this kind of soil, the Chinese use for the same purpose all sorts of waste substances. One of these is trefoil, and another something called coronilla. After a season, these are cut down, and being mixed with mud and water, are left to rot, so that before the rice is ready to be planted, they may be reduced to that condition which renders them fit for manure. Burnt vegetable matter, well mixed with earth, makes a capital medicine for the fields, and, in consequence, it is largely used in the agricultural districts. 'During the summer months,' we are told, 'all sorts of vegetable rubbish are collected in heaps by the roadside, and mixed with straw, grass, parings of turf, &c., which are set on fire, and burn slowly for several days, until all the rank vegetable matter is decomposed, and the whole reduced to a rich black earth. It is then turned over several times, when it presents the same appearance as the vegetable mould used in gardens in England. This manure is not scattered over the land, but reserved for covering the seeds, and is applied in the following manner: When the seed-time arrives, one man makes the holes, another follows and drops in the seed, and a third puts a handful of the black earth on the top of them. Being principally vegetable mould, it keeps the seed loose and moist during the period of germination, and afterwards affords it nourishment.' In addition to this kind of manure, the Chinese concoct another from the seeds of certain vegetables. These are first made into a substance like our oil-cake; then, after being pounded into dust, are thrown broadcast over the fields. Bones, weed, lime, soot, ashes, and the multifarious refuse incidental to all conditions of humanity, are also plentifully made use of; likewise large quantities of decayed fish and crustacea, as well as the scrapings of ponds, canals, and water-ways.

The system of irrigation adopted by the Chinese is rendered necessary by the extensive rice-cultivation which is carried on. Water is the chief element in the growth of this article, as the fields require to be inundated during the whole time it is under cultivation. In one district of China, and that the very finest in the country, 'the Child of the Ocean,' to use the poetic language of the east, or to speak without metaphor, the river Yang-tze-kiang, affords splendid facilities for irrigation; and in the extensive plains watered by this gigantic stream, there is an endless water-power brought to bear, by means of canals and rivulets. In other parts of the country, water is obtained from the hill-drainage and from the numerous mountain-streamlets. Grounds which cannot be watered either by the rivers or by the mountain-rills, are irrigated by means of the water-wheel, which 'raises the water by a series of flat boards, which traverse in a trough, and sweep the fluid with them. It is somewhat upon the principle of our chain-pump, which lifts the water by a line of buckets; but instead of the bucket, it has merely a flat piece of board, which, by exactly fitting the channel in which

it moves, confines the water between itself and its fellow. In fact, the bottom, two sides of the trough, and the two successive float-boards, compose a sort of extemporary bucket. Our recently discovered method of raising water by means of a band is only one step ahead of this in simplicity.'

The system of terrace-cultivation is much practised by the Chinese; and it is no uncommon thing to see hills three thousand feet above the level of the sea under cultivation to their summits. By means of this device, a great amount of additional space is obtained for the growth of rice and other crops, as also a more plentiful supply of water from the mountain-ravines, which, as a means of economising labour, are diverted in all directions into the highest terraces; and after they have absorbed as much of the fluid as is requisite, the water is then run into the next one; and so on, till all have been in turn inundated. 'In this way,' says Mr Fortune, 'the whole of the rice-terraces are kept continually flooded, until the stalks of the crop assume a yellow ripening hue, when the water being no longer required, it is turned back into its natural channel, or led to a different part of the hill, for the nourishment of other crops. These mountain-streams, which abound in all parts of the hilly districts, are of the greatest importance to the farmer; and as they generally spring from a high elevation in the ravines, they can be conducted at pleasure over all the lower parts of the hills. No operation in agriculture gives the farmer and his labourers more pleasure than leading their streams of water from one place to another, and making them subservient to their purpose.'

The ingenuity and industry of the Chinese are proverbial and continuous. The old story of the nankeen breeches is a case in point—where the celestial tailor, by laborious industry, imitated the various patches and darns belonging to the vestments in question, which had been sent to him as a pattern for a new pair. We trace the same painstaking and industrious spirit in all they do, and particularly in their operations in agriculture and horticulture. Their idea of hill or terrace cultivation, and of having two, and sometimes three crops from the same ground, in order to extend their resources of growth, and make the most of the growing season, is a capital one; and one cannot help expressing a feeling of surprise at what is achieved by such simple means, for all the agricultural implements used in China are of the rudest kind. Let us give their labour its due meed of praise; for principally to sheer hard work, combined with method and great powers of 'detail,' must the results which are attained be attributed. As an example of what is achieved, take the following: 'Wheat, which is a winter crop, is reaped in the Shang-hae district generally about the end of May, while the proper time for putting in the cotton-seed is the beginning of that month, or the end of April. In order, therefore, to have cotton on the wheat-lands, the Chinese sow its seeds at the usual time amongst the wheat; and when the latter is reaped, the former is several inches above ground, and ready to grow with vigour when it is more fully exposed to the air.'

The *modus operandi* adopted in the cultivation of cotton has been frequently detailed, as has also the mode of growing the tea-plant, so that we need not describe the processes adopted in these branches of labour. The only other features of celestial agriculture which we are called upon to notice in this paper, are, first, that the Chinese do not follow any system of fallowing their land—indeed, the land is so rich that it is unnecessary to give any portion of it a rest, as it never feels the burden of successive years of cropping, even although

two, and sometimes three crops, are taken from it annually; and, secondly, that the ground is let out in small farms of a few acres each, as was the custom fifty years ago in our own country. Gigantic capitalists have not yet altered this state of affairs in China, and the celestial farmer lives in a simple and patriarchal style in his little cottage. 'There are few sights more pleasing than a Chinese family in the interior, engaged in gathering the leaves of the tea-plant, or, indeed, in any of their agricultural pursuits. There is the old man—it may be the grandfather, or even the great-grandfather—patriarch-like, directing his descendants, many of whom are in their youth and prime, while others are in their childhood, in the labours of the field. He stands in the midst of them bowed down with age, but—to the honour of the Chinese as a nation—he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection, and his old age and gray hairs are honoured, revered, and loved. . . . When, after the labours of the day are over, they return to their humble and happy homes, their fare consists chiefly of rice, fish, and vegetables, which they enjoy with great zest, and are happy and contented. I really believe that there is no country in the world where the agricultural population are better off than they are in the north of China. Labour with them is pleasure, for its fruits are eaten by themselves, and the rod of the oppressor is unfelt and unknown.'

So says Mr Fortune in his *Wanderings*, but 'our own correspondent'—who assures us that the best way to see the agriculture of a country is to shoot over it, and so gather pheasants and a knowledge of the crops at the same time—tells us that there is a *per contra* to this state of felicity, and that 'these happy fields are overrun by extortionate mandarins, pillaging soldiers, marauders who in small bands are called robbers, and in large bands aspire to be rebels, and to be led by "kings," river-pirates who levy blackmail, and occasional swarms of locusts which darken the sun.' We cannot wonder at this: it would indeed be an exception to all experience, if a mighty nation, with a population of one hundred and sixty millions, far advanced in material civilisation, had not some grievances to stir it into more determined action, and to remind its people that there is an earthly humanity, after all, in their celestialism.

#### SOME NEW ASPECTS OF INDIA-RUBBER.

New applications of india-rubber to mechanical purposes are being discovered almost every month: in springs to lift the saw in sawing-machines, and with a considerable economy of power, for the saw descends by its own weight, and needs no push to raise it: in springs for cables, or for moorings, proof against any strain to which they may be subject: and in a new code of signals recently introduced into the navy at Plymouth, comprising a series of flexible cones. By substituting india-rubber cloth for canvas, one set of ropes or halliards is got rid of—namely, that by which the cone was hauled down, for the india-rubber collapses and descends of itself, and only requires the rope which hauls it up. Attach a bundle of india-rubber ropes or springs to a beam overhead; stretch down spring after spring, and hook them to the heavy weight to be lifted, and presently the weight rises as it were of itself. Mr Hodges of Southampton Row has invented many ingenious applications of this sort. His india-rubber radiating carriage-springs obviate entirely the effect of jolts and noise upon driver and passengers. The wheels are of course heard to rattle upon the pavement; but there is no communication of the sound through the carriage. A layer of vulcanised india-rubber is inserted in the joints of the girders of the new Westminster Bridge. There have been also some very clever applications of india-rubber to surgical instruments, producing results by mere elasticity, which could only be accomplished otherwise by complicated mechanism.

#### THE CURATE'S FIRESIDE.

I HAVE one only daughter,  
But she is more to me  
Than if I had a score or so  
To cluster round my knee;  
And ne'er by boon-companion  
Was idler's time beguiled,  
As the curate's leisure moments  
By the prattle of his child.

My worthy friend and vicar,  
The Reverend Mr Blount,  
Of little rosy children  
Has more than he can count;  
And the good man smiles serenely,  
And pats them on the head,  
With a hearty benediction,  
When they toddle off to bed.

My brother-curate, Webster,  
O'er Mr Malthus pores,  
Thinks only bachelors are blessed,  
And babies only bores;  
Says curates must not marry;  
For 'tis his rule in life—  
First get a good fat living,  
And then a wealthy wife.

I envy not the vicar  
His patriarchal glee,  
When the thirteenth Blount lies choking  
Across his nurse's knee;  
Nor yet the unhappy Webster,  
His lodgings lone and bleak  
(With linen and attendance,  
At one pound five a week).

I wait for no fat living;  
I heed not paltry pelf;  
'Twas not for that I wooed my wife,  
But for her 'ain' dear self;  
Though she had brought a dowry  
Were fit for peer or prince,  
'Twere nothing to the treasure  
That she hath borne me since.

For oh! when home returning  
Dispirited, unstrung,  
There's magic in our Mary's laugh,  
There's music on her tongue;  
And her dark eyes flash and sparkle,  
And the colour mounts her cheek,  
As words come crowding faster  
Than her little lips can speak.

And so, when sad and weary  
From scenes of care and sin;  
Where foul diseases rage without,  
And fouler lusts within;  
Where so much is dark and dreary,  
Where all is sin-defiled,  
I thank God for the innocence  
About my little child.

Dear to the Christian pastor  
The flock he's charged to keep;  
Dear for His sake who gave him  
The message, 'Feed my sheep.'  
Oft prays he for the erring:  
'Lord, guard them when they roam;  
But the fondest prayers are aye for one—  
The little lamb at home!

J. H. H.

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